persuaded a chief from Tubuai and his daughter to lift their canoe from the lagoon as in old times. The essentially native houses are hard to seek, and Gauguin's *vahine* lives in one only because she is too poor to build with wood and iron. Such as those built on piles in the lagoon hardly exist; it is left for a few of us dreaming white men to reconstruct them. Double and sailing canoes have long since disappeared, and native cookery is re-served for feast days with rare exceptions ; and the arts of common life—from *tapa* cloth to mother-of-pearl fish-hooks—have been killed by the stores. This is the bitter truth, let the chance journalist say what he will.

To speak personally, I do not think I have ever been more disappointed than during the first month of my arrival in Tahiti. The obtaining of a

house was attended with as much beastliness as it is in London, perhaps with more, for

swindling in London in such matters is impersonal. Having obtained it, the ' natives ' about revolted me. Perhaps a dozen houses were scattered along the couple of miles of shore on either side of my abode—the old house of Paul Gauguin—and of their in-